

The TATLER and BYSTANDER

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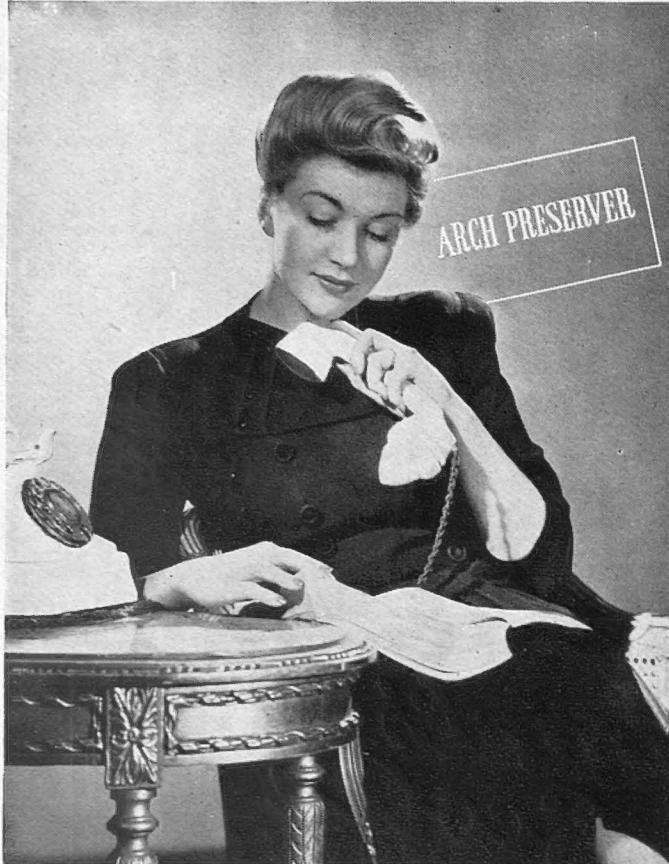


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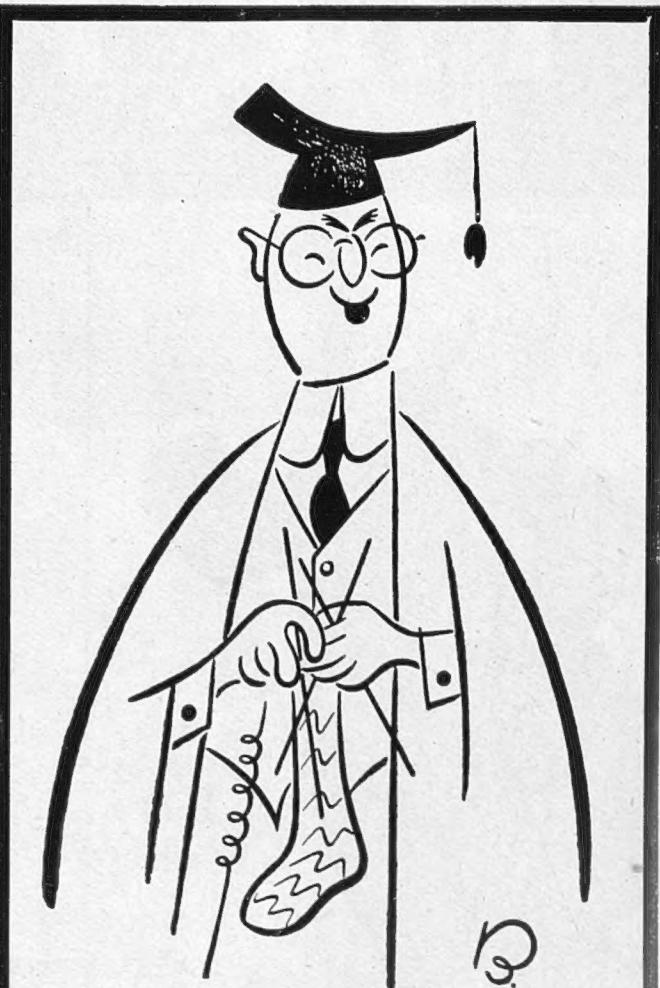
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Lady in Waiting To Princess Elizabeth: Lady Mary Palmer

The appointment by the King of Lady Mary Palmer as Lady in Waiting to Princess Elizabeth indicates the growing number of duties which her Royal Highness is now undertaking. Lady Mary Palmer, youngest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Selborne, is twenty-three, and has been for some time a close friend of the Princess. A debutante of 1939, she took up child welfare work shortly after leaving school, working as a voluntary helper in day nurseries at Oxford and in London. She is at present looking after child evacuees from Gibraltar. Lady Mary is engaged to Capt. Anthony Strachey, son and heir of Lord O'Hagan, a former Lord in Waiting to King Edward VII. Capt. Strachey renounced the family name of Towneley-O'Hagan in 1938, assuming his mother's maiden name. He is in the Somerset Light Infantry (T.A.), attached to the Indian Army. Lady Mary's eldest sister, Lady Anne, is married to the Rev. John Brewis, M.A., Principal of St. Chad's College, Durham



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Crisis

THE Germans have been out-generaled and now they are heavily outnumbered by the Russians in men and every form of equipment. Russian supplies appear to be extremely well organized and their communications are most efficient. The opening phase of the drive towards East Prussia was superbly planned and the Germans having failed to halt it, are now in a hopeless position. It is their first real military crisis. German territory is about to be invaded. General Dittmar has hinted at blunders made by the High Command. The German people now know—as Hitler must to his own cost—that the whole Russian campaign was a horrible blunder, a piece of autocratic folly. Hitler would not heed the lessons of history, and the fate of Napoleon. But in this case a whole nation must pay, not merely one man. The Allies are united and determined.

Shortage

OBVIOUSLY lack of man-power and an increasing shortage of oil are the prime causes of this first German crisis. I emphasize that it is the first crisis because I believe there will be a series of crises each increasing in intensity before the Germans are finally defeated. Human lives have never meant anything to Hitler. Lately he has pressed into his service every slave on which he could lay his hands. Some German divisions are a hotch-potch of all kinds of nationalities. Now there are not enough soldiers to go round, and the cry is reiterated from Germany that they are overwhelmed on all fronts. The oil situation is becoming most acute, and also there is some evidence that they are short of shells. This was certainly the case in the early part of the Italian campaign before the Germans began to retreat and there are signs of the same shortage in Normandy. Men, shells and

oil are the foundations of this fighting mechanical age. What does all this mean? We are nearing the end of this war in Europe which Hitler started because he wished to dominate the world. Not even Hitler can continue the fight without men, munitions and oil. But he will try. No devilish development will be spurned by him in a desperate desire to save himself. We are certainly at the most crucial stage of this war.

Weakness

THE retirement of Field Marshal von Rundstedt was most significant. I always felt that he was the weakest part in Hitler's Western Wall. There has never been any confirmation of the rumours at the beginning of this year that he was a party to a series of peace approaches which were put out by a number of German generals in various neutral capitals, but there was something in this story. Obviously von Rundstedt wanted to repeat the old Prussian trick of seizing peace in order to fight again. He isn't a "good" German in any sense. He is just a clever one, and we should waste no sympathy on him. Obviously at the beginning of this year he counted the mounting strength of the Allies and had his first fears about the chance of a successful invasion of the Continent. When the Allies were able to land in Normandy, he was convinced that the game was up. I am as certain as one can be that he was not relieved of his position. He threw in his hand voluntarily. Unlike Hitler, he was not prepared to gamble any more.

Inventions

GENERAL DITTMAR has repeated what Hitler said to the German armament manufacturers that henceforth Germany must rely on her inventiveness. Both Hitler and Dittmar

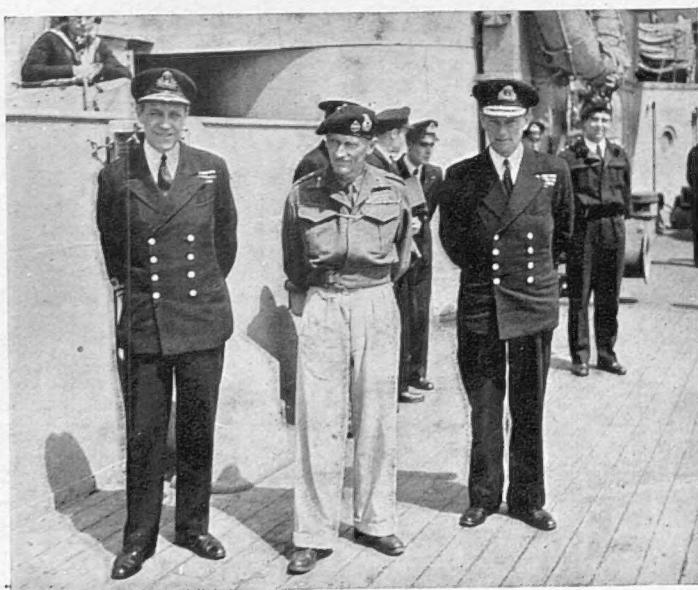
appear to have lost their faith in the German soldier. They know that he cannot withstand the tide of Allied strength as it gradually advances over the Continent. So the German High Command are prepared to play with the Nazis in some new devilish kind of warfare. General Dittmar says that it is essential and decisive that the Germans should have time to develop and produce these new means of warfare and set them in operation on the largest possible scale. It is up to the Allies to see that this time is not accorded to the Germans. And we can be assured that General Montgomery and General Alexander know the necessity of speed. Of course, General Dittmar was preparing the Germans for the wholesale retreat of their armies everywhere, and to cover this necessity he injects into their minds the hope that they may yet be saved by some kind of inventions. I believe, and it is the basis of my hopefulness, that it is far too late for the Germans to invent anything that can save them. But this won't stop them trying.

Advance

MUCH depends on the progress of the battle in Normandy which, with the capture of Caen, continues to progress well. General Montgomery is clearly counting on a major clash with the German armour on the plain in front of Caen. All the movements of his armies indicate that he is trying to make a trap which will compel Rommel to accept battle. Nobody can doubt that if and when this battle occurs it will be of vital importance. Rommel will do all he can to avoid it. Therefore at this stage it is a contest of wits and speed. General Montgomery wasted no time, in spite of adverse weather conditions, in mustering his men and material to capture Caen. If he can impose a defeat on Rommel's armour, not only will the way to Paris be opened but it will be such a blow to the German army which may have many repercussions. All the reports from Normandy indicate declining morale of the German soldiers and their slave levies. Simultaneously confidence among the Allied forces mounts every day.

Visitor

GENERAL Sir Harold Alexander has been able to fly to London for consultations with the War Cabinet. This is a certain indication that his campaign in Italy has reached a degree



On Board H.M.S. Rodney

By shelling land targets for the Army, H.M.S. Rodney has played an important part in the fighting in France. Gen. Montgomery, seen with Vice-Admiral Dalrymple Hamilton and Rear-Admiral Rivett Carnac, visited the ship to thank the officers and men for their help



General Smuts in Italy

During his tour of the South African division in Italy, Gen. Smuts paid a visit to Lt.-Gen. Sir Oliver Leese, the 8th Army Commander, at his headquarters. With them is Lt.-Gen. Sir Pierre Van Ryneveld, Chief of the General Staff, South African forces



Decorated by The King at Buckingham Palace

Major-General Sir Claude Liardet, awarded the K.B.E. in the Birthday Honours, went to the Palace to receive his decoration. He is Commandant of the R.A.F. Regiment



Air Marshal Sir Ralph Sorley, Controller of Research and Development at the Ministry of Aircraft Production, was also at the investiture to receive the K.C.B., awarded him in the Birthday Honours

of success which enables him to plan for the future. Kesselring has done his best to form a line, but military experts do not believe that he will be able to make a stand of any duration. His soldiers are demoralized and, like the Germans in Normandy, full of complaints that they have no fighter protection against the constant Allied air attacks. General Alexander has turned the forces at his command with a speed and efficiency which has brought him high praise from the Russians. In London he received congratulations from all who met him. They were struck by the quiet confidence of his demeanour. General Alexander was described to me by a Minister who saw him several times while he was in London, as "the greatest and most unselffacing of all British Generals."

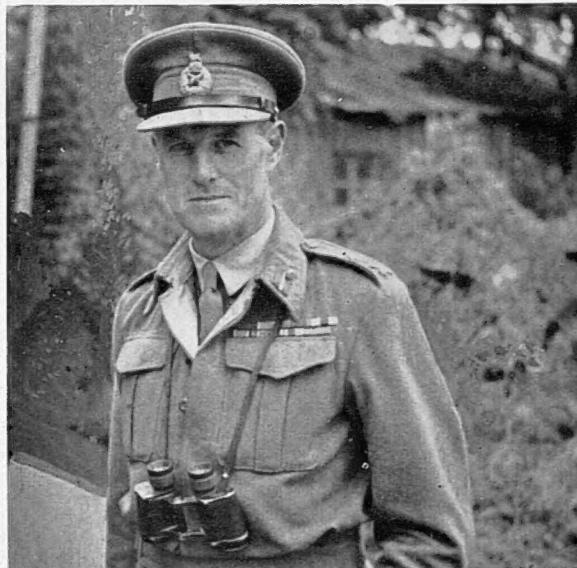
Decision

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has set all political speculations at rest in the United States. He has announced that he is prepared to accept nomination for a fourth term. The reasons for

doing so, he says, are that he cannot withdraw from the war that is being waged to win freedom. He indicated that his personal desire was to retire to his own home and to enjoy seclusion after three hard terms at the White House, but his conscience would not allow him to do so. If the people of the United States wished him to serve them as President, he is prepared to do so. There was strength and dignity and candour in the way in which President Roosevelt burst this news on the American people. He did not wait for the Democratic Convention to be held in Chicago. He eschewed all the usual political tricks which the Americans know and like. He put his position frankly and humbly before them. It would appear that the result must now be a foregone conclusion and that President Roosevelt will be re-elected. All Americans, however, are not agreed on this. The most acute observers believe that there will be a hard-fought presidential campaign waged mainly by the Republicans.

Recognition

GENERAL DE GAULLE's visit to the United States has been, if anything, more successful than his stay in London. He has now been accorded *de facto* recognition. Belated as this is, it will come as a great relief to all who have followed the course of events since the creation of the French Committee of National Liberation. It means that for all practical purposes any differences which the United States Administration have had with General de Gaulle's Committee are now put on one side in the interests of the unity of the Allied nations. Nowhere was the decision better received than in London. Mr. Anthony Eden must take some credit for this happy turn of events. He has worked very hard to produce a practical solution of Anglo-American relations with the new France. From a purely selfish national view, it is a good thing that British relations with France have been put on a proper footing. The robot bomb has shown us the stern necessity of ensuring that the Channel ports are not in enemy hands.



A Noted Tank Expert

Lt.-Gen. J. T. Crocker, C.B., D.S.O., M.C., one of our greatest tank experts, is now commanding a British Army Corps in France. He previously commanded an Armoured Brigade in France, and in 1942 took over command of an Army Corps in Tunisia



At an Advance 9th Air Force H.Q.

Lt.-Gen. Lewis H. Brereton, Commanding General of the 9th Army Air Force, Air Marshal Howard Bottomley, Deputy Chief of Air Staff, and Air Marshal Sir Arthur Coningham, A.O.C. No. 2 Tactical Air Force, are seen talking to an American officer on a landing strip in Normandy



General Drives Air Chief Marshal in Normandy

When Air Chief Marshal Sir Trafford Leigh-Mallory, Deputy Allied Air Commander in Chief, visited a 9th Air Force fighter airfield in France, General Quesada drove him all over the place in a jeep

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

The Four Who Were Hanged

By James Agate

Justice Is Coming. This news-reel, issued by the Soviet Film Agency and now showing at the Tatler Theatre, is entirely sickening and should be exhibited all over the country. It might act as a counterblast to those consciously or subconsciously pro-Nazi films which invite us to sympathize with an escaping German, or show us groups of Nazi officers concentrating, not on camps but on Schubert. The present picture is concerned with some of the symphonies which the Nazis have not left unfinished. Three hundred children whose bones breaking through their skin show that they were starved to death. Six hundred bodies of men and women burnt to death. Civilians, whose only crime was that they belonged to another race, thrown into gas-vans and driven around until they were poisoned by the carbon-monoxide from the exhaust-pipe emptying itself into the van.

LET us face it. We in this country know very little of the horrors of war, nothing whatever

not of Russian, to appreciate the integrity of the English version.

OF the four prisoners three are German, the fourth is a Russian traitor. The first to be examined is Captain Wilhelm Langfeld of the German Intelligence. To me he does not look the officer-type; he is obviously uneducated and has none of the gloss which these swine use to cover up their brutality. He admits to ordering the killing of one hundred civilians. The next is Rheinhardt Retzlav of the Gestapo. This precious fellow has a mouth like a shark, no chin and a forehead straight out of Lombroso. He admits to pushing the citizens of Kharkov into the murder-van. The third is Lieutenant Hans Ritz of the S.S. He is a blond, rather sheepish-looking young man who might be a shop-assistant or something equally harmless. We learn, however, that he is a sadist of exquisite depravity. He confesses to having slaughtered women and children with his own hand. Perhaps I don't

has to say on the subject of people like Hitler and Himmler, Goering and Goebbels. Here again I am inclined to make distinctions. I am willing to believe that Hitler is an ecstatic madman, Himmler a sadistic brute and Goering an overfed fathead. I don't feel that any of these three is what I should call educated. But Goebbels is a different case. He has brains and education. He has been a journalist and has committed the one crime which no journalist will ever forgive—he has tampered with the truth. But perhaps this is my personal quarrel with Goebbels. Let us consider the horrible quartet as a whole and hear what "unser" Shakespeare thought on the subject of vengeance. First Othello's

I would have him nine years a-killing.

Next his

O, that the slave had forty thousand lives!
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge.

And again

Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had stomach for them all.

The trouble is that Hitler and Himmler, Goering and the little Doctor have only four lives between them. So I take another play of Shakespeare, that of *Macbeth* and turn to the lines in which Macduff invites Macbeth to surrender and promises him his life:—

Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time;
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole, and underwrit,
"Here may you see the tyrant."



"Justice is Coming" is fully reviewed by James Agate on this page. Some idea of the grim reality of this picture, issued by the Soviet Film Agency and now at the Tatler Theatre, will be given by these photographs which have been cut from the film itself. On the left are the accused, Wilhelm Langfeld, Lt. Hans Ritz, Rheinhardt Retzlav and Michael Bulanov; centre is the Court scene; and right the execution

of what it means to live or endure existence in an occupied country. We have had our blitzes and our bombings, and have withstood them. But we do not know—and please God we never shall know—what emotions we should experience if in, say, Reading or Derby thirty thousand decent-living people were conscientiously murdered. This picture shows us a mother and two children burnt to death by the Germans; and it is darkly hinted that there are worse things than being burnt to death. What is to be done with those responsible for these filthy atrocities?

THE criminals brought to justice in this news-reel are four in number. We see the actual trial and the way of it is this. First the prosecutor puts a question in Russian which is translated into German by an interpreter. We hear the accused reply in German which the interpreter puts back into Russian. And we, sitting in the theatre, hear above the other speakers the rendering of all this into English. And I have enough knowledge of German, if

feel so vindictive about the fourth, one Michael Bulanov; this is a decent-looking fellow and might be mistaken for any Russian concert-pianist. Given the choice between driving a murder van and being put into one and driven around—which of us is going to swear that he would not have saved his own skin since refusing to save it would not have helped anyone else? In other words I'm rather sorry for Bulanov, who at any rate has the decency to admit that he has been a coward. It is the other three upon whom one concentrates.

WELL, of course they have got to hang, and they do hang. But their hanging leaves us with a sense of frustration. After all, they were only carrying out orders, and the highest in rank among them is only a captain. What we want to get at is the Colonels and the Generals and the people above Colonels and Generals.

IT never does to neglect "unser" Shakespeare. Well, let us see what "unser" Shakespeare

My own way with the quartet would be to turn them into a travelling circus and send them round the once-occupied countries each immured in a bullet-proof glass cage. These cages would be nicely warmed because each of the quartet would be naked with his uniform and decorations fastened to the glass at the back of the cage. Over the whole show would be emblazoned: Here may you see the *Herrenvolk*! The captives would be given plenty to eat and drink. But they would be compelled to listen, day in and day out, unceasingly and endlessly, to the torrents of their own eloquence reproduced by exceedingly loud speakers and diversified only by selections from *Mein Kampf* and the more idiotic bits of Nietzsche. The circus would, of course, be entirely managed, run and policed by Jews whose Jewishness could be seen a mile away. And here an even brighter idea strikes me. This is to send the quartet, not to the once-occupied countries, but to their own! It would be appropriate if the show were to start from that beer cellar in Munich.



Gregory Anton cruelly ill-treats his beautiful young wife Paula (Charles Boyer, Ingrid Bergman)



Paula is delighted when she finds an old letter belonging to her aunt. Anton, however, is afraid it may bring to light his past relationship with the aunt, now dead

"The Murder in Thornton Square"

is based on Patrick Hamilton's
"Gaslight"

Ingrid Bergman in the Melodramatic Role
Created by Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies

Patrick Hamilton's *Gaslight* has been rewritten for the screen and renamed *The Murder in Thornton Square*. The part of Mrs. Manningham originally played by Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies is taken by Ingrid Bergman with Charles Boyer as her husband. The play tells of a criminal and of his desire to revisit the scene of his crime. In order to do this he is forced to marry the niece of his victim. He then tries to get rid of his wife by driving her mad. His intentions are defeated by the astuteness of a Scotland Yard man whose interest in the unsolved murder case has survived the passing of years and whose curiosity is aroused by the personal resemblance of the new mistress of the house in Thornton Square to the victim of the unsolved murder.



Paula's first idea of her husband's past comes through Brian Cameron, a Scotland Yard man (Joseph Cotten) who is still working on the case of her aunt's murder some years previously



In spite of evidence which day by day mounts up against the man she has married, Paula for a long time remains deeply in love. She imagines the fault must be hers and is fearful that she is losing her reason and deserves the humiliations heaped upon her by her husband.

The Theatre

"Lady Julie" (Chanticleer)

By Horace Horsnell

In challenging contrast to the Chanticleer, which is a nice little theatre, just off Gloucester Road, Strindberg, whose *Lady Julie* has just been presented there, is a nasty big dramatist right off the conventional map. He was a passionate, a troubled genius. His inspiration was egotistical, his technique masterly. When the spirit moved him he could write like an angel and project the dreams of a devil. His taste was apt to be less sure than his sense of the theatre, and the best of his plays have a dynamic distinction.

We have usually made their acquaintance in special or semi-private performance. One of them, however, *The Father*, captured the general fancy some years ago, when Robert Loraine acted in it so memorably, and had a popular West End run. It was the story, you may remember, of a too sensitive husband's subjugation by his tyrannical wife, who subtly but surely drove him mad; and so well matched were the play and its performance that at moments the very footlights seemed to sizzle, and to throw on the scene the light that never was on sea or land, but only on nightmare prospects.

Lady Julie (better known perhaps as *Miss Julie*) is a comparatively minor piece on an ostensibly homelier scale. Yet it has its infernal reflections. This sad but savage little drama of the feckless young lady who falls, both in the technical and the tragic sense, for her father's footman, has only three characters: the young lady, the footman, and a cook. The action passes on midsummer eve in the servants' quarters which, despite off-stage junketing by the local peasantry (or perhaps because of it) seem not far removed from the frontier of hell.

Sketches by

Tom Titt



Lady Julie is determined that Jean the valet shall be her lover (Marcella Salzer, Peter Noble)



Lady Julie takes advantage of the cook's siesta to raid the servants' premises (Marcella Salzer, Sheila Mullin)

One difficulty in performing so exotic a little tragedy in English, and in such intimate surroundings as those of this bijou playhouse, is to suggest this contiguity. To Lady Julie falls the task of sounding the play's infernal overtones, to the cook that of preserving its humdrum realism, while the footman has, so to speak, a foot in both camps. Less than triumphant acting may minimize this difficulty for the players, but stresses it for the audience.

The two chief characters, the lady and her footman lover, are drawn with a hardness of outline that actors of genius might modulate and exploit with terrific effect. For the dialogue and situation, even allowing for occasional flatness and lack of nuance in the translation, have depth and economy.

The two young players, Miss Marcella Salzer and Mr. Peter Noble, who played them here, approached their



Kristin, the cook, prepares food for her mistress, Lady Julie, and the valet, Jean (Sheila Mullin)

tasks with a brave modesty that deserved greater artistic success than it achieved. Perhaps the intimacy of this little theatre subdued their speech and acting so that the one was too conversational in style, and the other too casual in pitch, while they themselves seemed to be relating the plot's incidents and fevers, rather than creating the characters who met and were mastered by them.

Like much of Strindberg's work, the impulse of this little play is apparently autobiographical. The dramatist had first-hand knowledge of the servants' hall, and a less than chivalrous regard for women. In some

of his plays, indeed, these obsessional infatuations assume an almost demoniac power.

While seekers after mere salacity might hardly have their fancy titillated by *Lady Julie*, more sensitive playgoers might find much to appal. The young lady who so arrogantly stoops to conquer, and so tragically fails to rise again, is a figment of moral melodrama, fury-driven. And such an incident as the slaughter of her pet goldfinch by her callous lover, lest it should hamper their squalid elopement, is at once a symbol and a stroke of realism that sickens while it admonishes, and overshadows even Julie's off-stage suicide which furnishes the grim denouement.

So much for one of the "plays of quality" to whose production the little Chanticleer Theatre Club is pledged. These modest productions possibly render the drama a service by widening the theatre experience of the club members, and giving young actors opportunities to stretch their talents in leading parts.

The Chanticleer has produced new plays by apprentice dramatists as well as the works of such older staggers as Krog, Pirandello, Thornton Wilder and Clifford Bax. Each is given a fortnight's run. The theatre itself, which is attractive and fully equipped, has also the simpler amenities and status of a club. Its address is Clareville Street, S.W.3.



Dorothy Wilding

Celia Lipton as "The Quaker Girl"

Leaving their London home, the Coliseum, for a few weeks, the whole company of sixty of Emile Littler's production *The Quaker Girl* are doing an ENSA tour. Next week they will be at the Garrison Theatre, Folkestone, the week after at the Garrison Theatre, Eastbourne. Star of the show is twenty-year-old Celia Lipton, daughter of dance-band leader Sidney Lipton, now in the Army. As Prudence Pym, the demure little Quakeress who becomes the rage of Paris, Celia follows in the footsteps of Gertie Millar, who first played the role thirty-four years ago. With her in the cast are Ivy St. Helier as Madame Blum, Hal Bryan as Jeremiah and Billy Milton as Tony Chute. The scenery and costumes have been exquisitely designed by Doris Zinkeisen, and when the troops have had their fill, the whole show will be returning to London once more to gladden their old home in the Charing Cross Road

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

At the Palace

In spite of the interruptions of flying bombs which, it is at last permissible to say, have been seen to appear over London, Their Majesties have, as far as possible, continued to carry out their normal routine at Buckingham Palace and elsewhere, and among many other engagements, the King has held Birthday Investitures at the Palace, to decorate those honoured on his official birthday. These Investitures, of course, cannot be arranged quite on the usual lines, and the new knights and others who have been before His Majesty in recent days will have some interesting stories to tell when the need for wartime secrecy has passed.

Among those received by the King was Lord Halifax, who has been raised to the dignity of an Earl. The Ambassador, who is in this country for consultations with his colleagues in the Cabinet (for Lord Halifax was specially authorised to retain his place as a Cabinet Minister when he was appointed to Washington), was accompanied by Lady Halifax, and after his official audience with the King, they were received jointly by Their Majesties, and remained to dine and stay the night with them. It is very possible that one of the subjects discussed by the King and his Ambassador included the proposed visit to this country by Mr. Roosevelt, which his friends say the President is anxious to make, if political and other considerations permit. Should Mr. Roosevelt come, he would, as the Head of a State, automatically be invited to stay for the first two days at least as the guest of the King and Queen. In the case of the President, this

invitation would be a personal as well as an official one, for, entirely apart from their official relationship, the King and the President formed a mutual regard and esteem when they met during the Royal visit to the United States just before the war, which subsequent developments have done nothing but deepen and strengthen.

Fortress Christening

ONE of Princess Elizabeth's most recent duties has been the christening of a Flying Fortress bomber, which H.R.H. undertook during a tour of R.A.F. and U.S.A.A.F. stations made with the King and Queen. Flyers and ground crews of the United States Army Air Force made a half-circle round the Princess



Going to Lisbon

The Countess of Limerick was seeing off Mrs. Patricia M. Sutcliffe, one of the Red Cross and St. John welfare workers who were going to Lisbon to meet and assist British civilian repatriates on their way home from Germany.



Princess Elizabeth Names a Flying Fortress

When Princess Elizabeth accompanied the King and Queen to visit American bomber stations in England, she christened a new Flying Fortress, giving it the name of "Rose of York." The Princess is seen here with Lt.-Gen. James H. Doolittle, Commander of the Eighth Army Air Force in Britain.

as she walked over with Lieut-Gen. James H. Doolittle, hero of the Tokyo flight, and present Commander of the U.S. Eighth Air Force, to take up her position just in front of the shining aluminium nose of the great bomber. In a matter of seconds, Princess Elizabeth had raised the white napkin-covered bottle of British cider which hung from the aircraft, smashed it on the metal-work and named the plane "Rose of York." With the Americans clapping and cheering, and the ciné-camera turning busily, the Princess turned to the King and Queen with a smile of pleasure that all had gone without a hitch.

Accompanying Their Majesties on this tour of Allied bomber stations were Viscountess Hambleden, Lady of the Bedchamber, in attendance on the Queen, and Sir Eric Mieville, Assistant Private Secretary, and W/Cdr. Peter

(Continued on page 74)

The Café de Paris Re-Opens

A Famous Pre-War Night Haunt Handed Over to the Services



Douglas Byng



Patricia Burke



Elizabeth Welch



Tommy Trinder



Douglas Byng, Tommy Trinder and Zoe Gail run through a quick rehearsal with Debroy Somers before the opening



Gabrielle Brune, one of the old Café's most popular entertainers, brought her husband, Col. Walter Currie



The Forces were unanimous in their approval of Lord Nuffield's scheme. Army, Navy and Air Force were represented by Chief Controller Whately, A.T.S., Air Commandant Lady Welsh, W.A.A.F., and Capt. R. W. Blacklock, R.N.

• The re-opening of the Café de Paris by Lord Nuffield, as part of his Nuffield Centre scheme, achieved a brilliance worthy of the many great occasions housed in the past by this famous London restaurant, and would undoubtedly have delighted the heart of restaurateur Martin Poulsen, who lost his life when the place was hit in the blitz of 1941. The Café is now to be used exclusively by the Services, and is connected to the Nuffield Centre in Wardour Street by an underground passage. It is an addition to the tremendously popular Centre which was opened in September 1943—a gift from the ever-generous Lord Nuffield to men and women of the Forces, who frequently have to live under trying conditions and need the restful relaxation of a comfortable and happy club in London

Photographs by Swaebe



Two of the "old guard" laughed over happy memories of the past: Capt. Rory More-Ferrall and the Hon. Richard Stanley

Lord Nuffield puts over a poser: Gen. Sir Charles Loyd, G.O.C.-in-C., Southern Command, Col. Pouell (Comptroller of the Nuffield Centre), Lord Nuffield and Lady Bonham-Carter

On and Off Duty

(Continued)

Townsend, D.S.O., D.F.C. and Bar, the present "active service" equerry to the King.

G/Capt: E. H. Fielden, known throughout the R.A.F., and in the Court circle as well, as "Mouse," who used to accompany the King on all Air Force visits as Equerry and Captain of the King's Flight, is temporarily absent from his Royal duties, being actively concerned with a very important aspect of the air war against Germany. At each of the four stations of the R.A.F. Bomber Command which the Royal party visited on the first day of their tour, the King held Investitures in the hangars, decorating officers and men with recent awards of the D.S.O., D.F.C. and other decorations.

The Gold Cup at Newmarket

ACKING the more potent thrills of the Windsor meeting, Newmarket provided two charming days' racing in peace and sunshine. The attendance was naturally largest



The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland

The marriage of the Duke of Sutherland and Mrs. Clare Josephine Dunkerly took place in a London register office last week. They entertained a few relatives and friends to luncheon after the ceremony

on Gold Cup day, and large numbers of Service men and women arranged their leave so as to be there. Everyone was sorry that Persian Gulf was unable to run in the Gold Cup, and much sympathy was felt for Lady Zia Wernher, who, like most people, must have thought he was a certainty for the race. In his absence, Umiddad and Bright Lady fought out a tremendous finish, the Aga Khan's horse winning by a head.

Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort brought the Hon. Mrs. Henry Cecil, who looked most attractive in a brown dress and wore no hat. Their recently-announced engagement has caused great interest in the racing world, and all their friends were wishing them luck. They are to be married very shortly in London. Lord Stanley, who got his M.C. on the field at Anzio, was with his mother, Lady Stanley. He has inherited all his family's love of racing, for, having failed to get on one train to Newmarket, he stood for three and a half hours at the head



Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy's Daughter Christened in Surrey

Caroline Bella, the baby daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey F. Kennedy, of The Orchards, Godalming, was christened at Busbridge Parish Church. Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy and the baby are seen with the godparents: Mme. Olga Primuz, Princess Romanovsky-Pavlovsky and Mr. Alan S. Butler. Mrs. Kennedy is a stepdaughter of M. Bozo Banac, the Yugoslav shipbuilder. She has already twin daughters, and a son, who is in this picture

of the queue for the next. However, his determination was rewarded by Sun Stream's easy victory.

People There

AMONGST others seen were the Hon. George Lambton, who is much better again and produced a smart winner in Golden Cloud; Lord Fitzwilliam and Mrs. Philip Hill, who also own a very good filly in The Golden Girl; Mr. Frankie More-O'Ferrall and Mr. Raymond Glendenning, whose broadcasts of races and racing affairs are so popular with the Forces both at home and overseas (they made a swell job of the Gold Cup and featured Michael Beary as commentator); Capt. Kenneth Watt, who is a junior member of the famous firm of Tattersalls;

Mrs. Nickie Morris, who backed Sun Stream boldly at 5-1 on; Maud Lady Fitzwilliam, with her daughter, Lady Joan Phillips; Lady Bridget Clark, who lives near by and was very smart in grey; the Duchess of Norfolk, who now has a very reduced string at Arundel; Lady de Trafford, whose second daughter, Mrs. James Bowes-Lyon, has just presented her with a granddaughter; Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke, looking at the horses together; W/Cdr. and Mrs. Dowling, who are living with Mr. and Mrs. Jack Lester and liking it a lot; and Miss Rosie Newland, who is raising a lot of money for the Red Cross by showing her excellent colour films. *The France I Knew and England at War.*

(Concluded on page 88)



Two Engagements Recently Announced

Capt. the Hon. Arthur Cameron Corbett, Ayrshire Yeomanry, eldest son of Lt.-Col. Lord Rowallan and Lady Rowallan, and Miss Eleanor Mary Boyle, only daughter of the late George Boyle and of Mrs. Beaumont, announced their engagement in June



Mrs. Constance Jutsum, widow of Mr. Reginald Jutsum, and daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Charles Codling, of Leicestershire, is engaged to Mr. Anthony Murison, only son of Sir William Murison and of the late Lady Murison

News in Pictures



Canadian Ladies' Golf Union Gives Vans to W.V.S.

The ten vans were handed over to Lady Bassborough, former president of the C.L.G.U., who presented them to the Dowager Countess of Reading, D.B.E., chairman of the W.V.S. Others present were Mrs. Dunbar, W.V.S., the Hon. Sylvia Fletcher-Moulton, O.B.E., W.V.S., Mr. Edicard Fryer, secretary of the Automobile Association (which equipped the vans for the W.V.S.), and Mrs. Huxley, O.B.E.

Right: Mrs. Winston Churchill and Air Commandant Lady Welsh, Director of the W.A.A.F., visited the exhibition at Harrods together



The W.A.A.F. Exhibition at Harrods

Mobile Canteens for the Tactical Air Force

Lady Tedder was present at the presentation of twelve canteens for the T.A.F. in Normandy. With her here is F/O. W. J. Duff, who was responsible for fitting out and converting the signal vans into canteens



The canteens were a gift from Mrs. Laura Corrigan, who runs the Wings Club for R.A.F. members. Air Marshal Sir Arthur Coningham received the canteens from her, on behalf of the Second Tactical Air Force



Celebrating American Independence Day in London

Major Stuart D. D. Pearl, chairman of the American Society in London, and his sister, Miss Audrey Pearl, greeted Mr. Ernest Brown on his arrival at the celebration lunch. In the centre is Mr. Winant, the American Ambassador



Mrs. J. B. Dodge and Admiral Stark, Commander-in-Chief of the United States Naval Forces in Europe, were two guests at the luncheon held at the Dorchester on Independence Day

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

To the French gunners who spared Siena, deliberately directing their fire east and west of the lovely ancient city, what remains of the civilised world owes a special decoration, if you ask us (and even if you don't).

That celebrated devotional horse-race round the great oval bowl of the Piazza del Campo, called the Palio, will inspire a little more of the traditional Sienese verve on August 15 next than formerly, we guess. The medieval procession with its dignitaries and banners will glow more brightly, the fanfares and drums will blare and roll more joyously after the Blessing of the Horses, the jockeys will howl and lash each other more mercilessly with their formidable whips as they thunder round, the citizenry will roar itself more hoarse than it has done for some centuries. Emotion, we imagine, may even affect the aquiline calm of a well-known Sienese *hôtelier* who looks (or looked not long ago) like one of Pinturicchio's warriors in the Duomo Library frescoes. Only twice in our life have we encountered a landlord who exactly matches his pub. One, hugely stout and rosy and beaming, moves amid Sussex thatch and roses. The other is elegant, hawk-faced Ricardo Nardi of the Aquila Nera, from whom we shall get no rake-off for mentioning this, incidentally.

Footnote

THE least suitable landlord in the world used to run a pub near Temple Bar and was denounced by our old *Bystander*

playmate Archie Macdonell for being priggish, prim, and dry, wearing striped trousers and a waxed moustache, and nervously forbidding song. "You stink of the Law," said Macdonell bitterly. As the place was always crawling with prim, dry lawyers in striped trousers, this went down very well.

Tweaker

THAT German soldier aged 78, captured with a labour battalion at Cherbourg, who told the Americans he is sick of warfare, would have broken Napoleon's heart, we guess.

What Napoleon liked to meet as Emperor were fiery old *groggnards* of his earliest Italian campaigns, whose die-hard ears he invariably tweaked with a kindly word before passing on. This tweaking has been freely exploited by dramatists, who consistently shirk the dramatic situation which might have arisen had the tweaker's ear come off in the tweaker's hand, and who knows it sometimes didn't? You can picture the scene—the aged *groggnard* wiping away a tear with his sleeve, the Imperial hand rising automatically to his ear, a slight *wip* as the ear comes away, the look of annoyance on the Imperial features, and the embarrassed pause following. There are many further developments possible. E.g., the Emperor may have been in gracious mood.



"Have you something like yourself in a cook?"

"Your ear, mon enfant?"

"Yes, Sire."

"You may keep it as a memento."

(Exit Napoleon benevolently.)

That's easy enough. The ear is framed and hung over the mantelpiece, and every year on Napoleon's birthday the old soldier salutes it, and tells the story over again, boring the entire neighbourhood sick. But the Emperor may have been cross.

"Why the devil can't you keep your ears on properly?"

"Pardon, Sire."

"Berthier, this is intolerable!"

"Sire—"

(Exit Napoleon, fuming.)

Or again, the Emperor may have been thinking of other things, twirling the ear abstractedly in his fingers.

"Berthier, I want those forage-estimates for the XIVth Cavalry Corps."

"Yes, Sire."

"And I must re-constitute the Opera tomorrow."

"Yes, Sire."

"Remind me also about revising the Civil Code."

"Yes, Sire. . . . Er—the ear?"

"The what? Oh, yes. (to Old Soldier)

"Take this, mon enfant. Wear it constantly in memory of Tivoli. And another thing, Berthier. . . ."

(Exit Napoleon, volubly.)

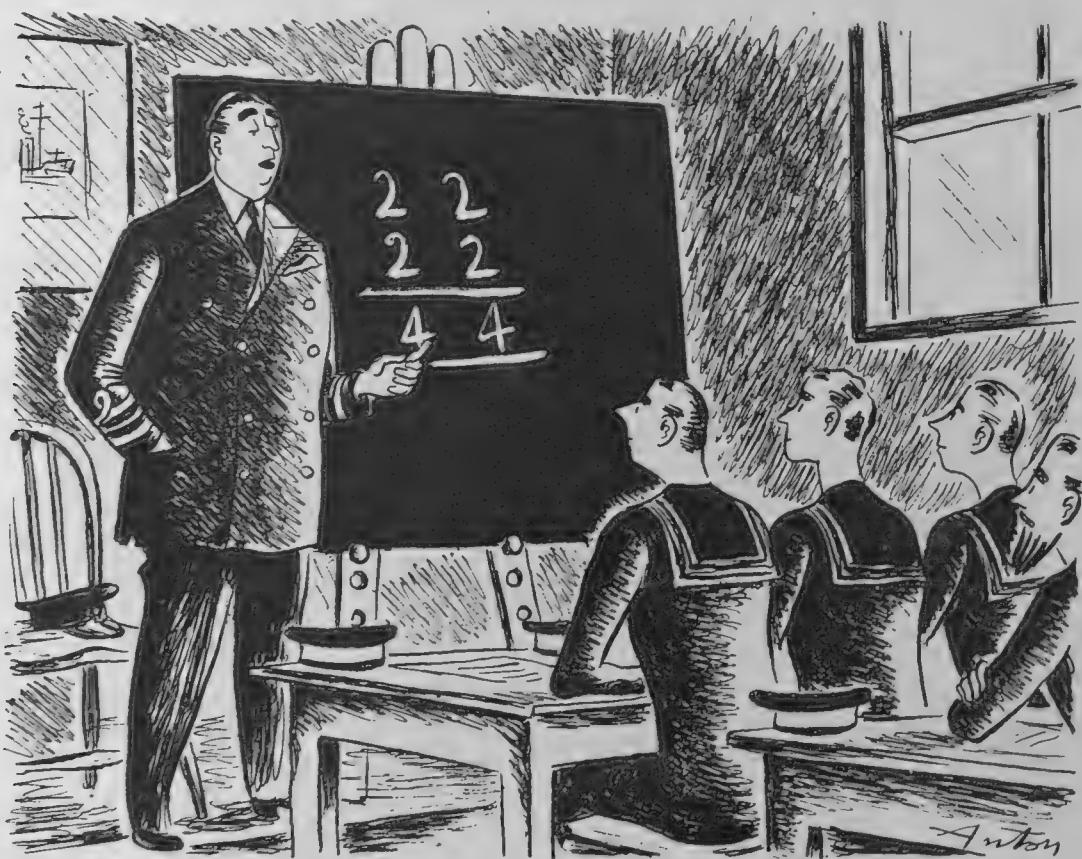
There are at least 167 fascinating variations on this theme, and the drama boys, French and other, lack the guts so far to tackle any of them.

Check

MY God, that was a cold story," says the Fleet Street boy in Evelyn Waugh's wicked satire *Scoop*, speaking of a chess congress at Ostend he had been sent to "cover."

We thought sympathetically of that cry on reading Auntie *Times*'s tribute to an eminent woman player who was apparently the Lenglen, of the chess world. Chess is the one big game which admittedly knocks Fleet Street for a row of Japanese ashcans. Chess lacks drama, sensation, mystery, dirt, romance, colour, and the Human Note.

(Concluded on page 78)



"Well, if that's quite clear, we'll get on to algebraic trigonometric, inverse trigonometric, and logarithmic functions"

Men of the U.S.A.A.F.



Lt.-Col. William E. Sault, Air Executive, belongs to a heavy bombardment group, and frequently leads the whole division on bombing missions. He comes from Pasadena, California, and has the D.F.C., Soldier Medal, Air Medal and one Oak Leaf Cluster



Major Norman B. Bennett, Junior, trainer and gunnery officer of a heavy bombardment group, completed his tour of operations in June 1943. He is twenty-seven, lives at Winston-Salem, North Carolina, and attended the Bomber's School, Victorville, California. He has the D.F.C. and Air Medal

Portraits by Olive Snell



Major Arthur Gordon was a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford, and before the war a free-lance writer and managing editor of the American "Good Housekeeping." He is now covering the European air war for "Air France," the U.S. Air Force official magazine, and frequently accompanies the Fortress crews on their bombing missions over Germany. He lives in Long Island, with his wife and two children



Major Earle J. Aber, Junior, commands a heavy bombardment squadron, at present dropping leaflets over enemy territory. His home is Racine, Wisconsin, and he holds the D.F.C., Air Medal and three Clusters



Left:
Lt. Walter T. Decker was born in London twenty-three years ago. He joined the A.A.F. in 1942, and trained in California. His home is in Pennsylvania

Standing By ...

(Continued)

No weeping white-haired mothers sit in cottages waiting for the result of a chess championship, no dizzy blondes are carried from the tables shoulder-high by frantic mobs, no chess champion ever raves and stamps and weeps, like lawn-tennis queens, and so far as we know there's no racket in the game, as in cricket. Chess is a cold story, all right. The only thing we have against it is the superstition—probably the Chinese are responsible—that it develops brainpower to an uncanny extent. This seems to flatter its owlish addicts.

Luck

ALLEGING that Hitler is practically a prisoner of the German High Command at the moment and his star is waning in Germany, an authority seemed to assume that Hitler's star has taken nothing but a rising curve since he started. The truth being that Hitler has more than once been nearly down the drain.

Time after time, if you look it up, his most fatal bloomers have been redeemed by circumstances outside his control, such as Hindenburg's timely death, Mussolini's Abyssinian plunge, France's recurring political scandals, Great Britain's domestic mix-up over the Abdication, and half a dozen other things, all enabling him to get back in the saddle just in time. In Germany the Nazis

were swamped and done for at least twice before their final triumph. What that boy has constantly had is the kind of blind luck; so-called, which lands a City financier in the House of Lords instead of Dartmoor. It must be breathless fun, while it lasts.

Tenor

IF anybody stuck a revolver in our ribs and said "Sing!" we should burst into an aria forthwith. And so, we guess, would those armchair heroes who look down their noses at Gigli, that great tenor, for alleged "collaboration." Gigli's falsely reported death the other day started some of these off again.

What really matters, in our unfortunate view, is the large number of tenors who go on singing *without* having a revolver stuck in their ribs. We asked if the BBC had ever heard Bülow's celebrated declaration, "Tenors are a disease." He said yes, but a fairy grocer from Kirriemuir got Wendy and Peter and the elves to plead for the puir feckless laddies. A Royal Commission was then set up, from whose report we extract the following:

(89765) Mr. Prune: Was an Australian elf named Cobber Mike M'Coy there at the time?

(89766) The Chairman: Go easy, Prune; there are ladies present.

(89767) Mr. Prune: I ask because this



"If it's the last thing you do, Mr. Leydenfrost, you must try one of my pre-war crab sandwiches"

particular elf took a dislike to Peter Pan in 1927, as is well known.

(89768) Witness: There was a certain amount of trouble. As Wendy was sitting on Mr. Ogilvy's knee, this big tough hatchet-faced elf flew in and said "Where's that so-and-so Pan?" I said "Out," and M'Coy said "Jake for him."

(89769) Mr. Prune: My information is that Pan flew in at that moment and this Australian elf took a swing at him and knocked him into Kensington Gardens base over apex.

(89770) The Chairman: Oh, goody! Goody, goody!

The result was that Elf Cobber M'Coy was banished by Mr. Ogilvy to the Never-Never Land for six months, and all tenors on the BBC premises were let out of the calaboose under Deck A and permitted to sing henceforth as they pleased. And we all know what that means, egad.

Test

A PAINSTAKING sob-sister handing out advice (and what advice) on marriage and men in one of the papers reminded us of Odette Pannetier's brilliantly comic variations on this theme in *Candide* just before the war.

Mlle. Pannetier, the Dorothy Parker of Paris, also had theories about men, and tested them with a small "personal" ad. in one of the million-circulation Paris papers saying Attractive, Modest Young Girl, 500,000 frs. dowry, would like to meet Cultivated Gentleman of irreproachable character, view to Matrimony. Out of some hundreds of applicants she chose and interviewed six, one by one, who gave this awful girl ample copy for a series of witty, ruthless and diverting articles. Each of the selected optimists burned with pure idealism and longing for a sister-soul, was shocked at the mention of money, and—this was the test—shied like a frightened horse when Mlle. Pannetier at length whispered a Painful Secret in his ear. For there were strings attached to that alleged 500,000 francs, and the reactions of the competitors after the first shock were full of psychological interest.

One—count him—of the six honourably passed the test. Most girl journalists would have suppressed him because he spoiled a 100-per-cent. feminist case. Mlle. Pannetier is an honest girl journalist.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"The word I dictated, Miss Digby, was 'ham'; you say you understood me to say 'Spam,' but erroneously took it down in shorthand as 'sham' and mistyped it 'slam.' Now what on earth would you have done if I had said 'tinned rabbit'?"



Phyllis Calvert as a Schoolgirl

Schizophrenia

Phyllis Calvert in a Triple Role, the Story of a Woman with Split Personality



As the Passionate Lover of a Gangster



As the Deeply Religious Wife of an Italian Nobleman

• *Madonna of the Seven Moons* has just been completed at the Gainsborough Studios of Gaumont British. The film is adapted from the well-known novel by Margery Lawrence, which, in turn, was based on an authentic medical case. Phyllis Calvert appears as the woman who suffers from schizophrenia—split personality—and in this role alternates between the high-minded dignity of an Italian nobleman's wife and the passionate abandon of the lover of a cut-throat Florentine gangster. Phyllis Calvert is steadily building a fine reputation in British films. Each new part she undertakes shows a fine development of her artistry and great things are expected of this young British actress. In private life, she is the wife of Peter Murray Hill; they have a small daughter, now approaching two

Summer Snapshots



Lady Bedingfeld and Henry

Little Henry Edgar Bedingfeld, son and heir of Capt. Sir Edmund and Lady Paston-Bedingfeld, was born last December, and christened in January in the private chapel at Oxburgh Hall, King's Lynn, home of his parents. His father, the ninth baronet, is in the Welsh Guards, and married Miss Joan Lynette Rees in 1942.

Right: Mrs. Kenneth is the wife of Capt. James O. Kenneth, R.A., and was before her marriage Miss Elizabeth Penman, of Ardneil, Ayrshire. Her husband is the only son of Mr. Robert Kenneth and the late Mrs. Kenneth, of Bourtreehill, Ayrshire. The children, seen with their mother at their home, Haddockston, Renfrewshire, are four-year-old James, Gillian, who is three, and Alan, aged one year.



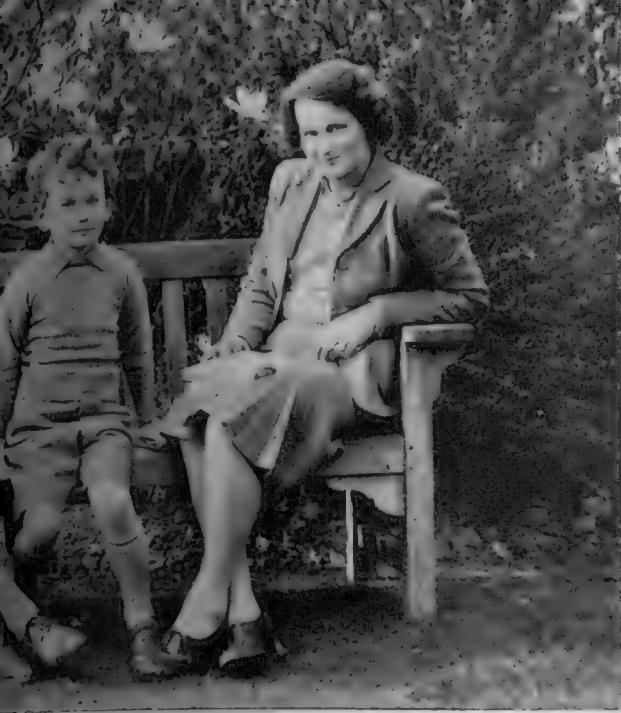
Mrs. R. A. O'Conor with Her Son

Mrs. O'Conor is the wife of Lt.-Col. R. A. O'Conor, R.A., only son of Capt. and Mrs. A. R. O'Conor, of Somerton Lodge, Eire, and great-nephew of the late Gen. Sir Bindon Blood. She is the daughter of the late Mr. G. A. Rossetti, and of Mrs. Rossetti, seen with her in this picture, and is a great niece of Dante Gabriel Rossetti and Christina Rossetti, painter and poetess. Her son is six years old.

Photographs by Compton Collier and Swaebe



Mrs. James O. Kenneth and Her Children



Turlough, and Her Mother, Mrs. Rossetti



The Hon. Mrs. David Woodhouse and Lavinia



Lady Lloyd and Her Daughter

Lady Lloyd is the eldest daughter of the Earl of Airlie, and her marriage to Lord Lloyd of Dolobran took place two years ago. They have a small daughter, Darina Margaret, photographed with her mother at their home, Cloud's Hill, Offley, Hertfordshire. Lord Lloyd is a Lieutenant in the Welsh Guards

Left: Formerly Miss Suzanne Irwin, youngest daughter of Col. and Mrs. T. S. Irwin, of Justicetown, Carlisle, Mrs. Woodhouse was married in 1942 to Capt. the Hon. David Woodhouse, Royal Norfolk Regiment, Lord Terrington's elder son. Their daughter, Lavinia Valerie, was born last year



Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

An Expert on Economic Affairs: Mr. Amory Houghton

Mr. Amory Houghton is Deputy Chief of the United States Mission for Economic Affairs in London. This Mission, headed by Mr. Philip D. Reed, represents the Foreign Economic Administration, the War Production Board, the War Food Administration, the War Shipping Administration and the Petroleum Administrator for War. Mr. Houghton, who is married and has five children, is on leave from his post as Chairman of the Corning Glass Works, of Corning, New York, and he has previously served in Washington as Director-General for Operations of the War Production Board. He is a son of the late Alanson B. Houghton, American Ambassador to Great Britain from 1925 to 1929.



Allied Representatives Visit the Industrial Centre of the Ex-Services Welfare Society

Admiral of the Fleet Sir Reginald Tyrrhitt, Bt., senior officer of the Senior Service, and president of the Ex-Services Welfare Society, had a talk to Rifleman David Sidney Meade, Home Guard—youngest member of the youngest Service ever to have been on guard at Buckingham Palace

Lady Tyrrhitt, wife of the Admiral, was inspecting the workshops at the Ex-Services Welfare Society's industrial centre at Leatherhead, with Col. F. A. Brilhante, a Brazilian representative, and Col. Ahmed Shawky Abdel-Rahman Bey, from Egypt

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Achtung!

"HUNDREDS of thousands of men and women, armed with anything they can lay their hands on, are destroying and seizing the Germans. It is now the turn of enemy troops to take refuge in swamps and forests, changing their clothes, hiding in holes from the peasants' axes and pitchforks and from partisans' rifles and knives."

The Times Moscow Correspondent.

Hippodromania

IN the piping times of peace, the meetings which followed hard on the heels of the Derby used to be the most interesting in the whole year, but now, owing to the cock-eyed times in which we live, we are lucky if they arouse even a languid interest. For instance, we used to go to Ascot and Goodwood in the justified belief that we should see a champion in the way of a stayer, who might be fairly safely relied upon to pass on to a future generation his own fine quality of endurance: we certainly believed that at Ascot we ought to be able to pick out the winner of the following year's Derby and Leger; but I wonder whether anyone thinks that he has accomplished these feats since these hoarse-throated horns of war have been braying, and training and racing operations have been carried on under conditions of much difficulty? It says much for the sage judgment of the Government that, in the midst of the greatest war in history—and topically of a very unpleasant phase of it—they have so rightly adjudged the great psychological benefit that would accrue from their action. The superb morale of this nation never has needed any buttressing, but that is not the point of issue. Let us think rather of the effect this course of action has had upon an enemy compelled to lie more vehemently than ever to fan the courage of his people into a flickering flame. This is the real point. We are under bombardment by heavy shell of limited range and quite uncertain direction, yet it has not made us blench. Common prudence has caused the cancellation of only one fixture which might have been within range. And the German Minister of Propaganda continues to tell his doubtless admiring followers that our capital is "in ashes," our people "in a state of panic," and that the flow of material and

personnel to our armies across the water is suspended! He laughs best who laughs last. And now we are going to smudge the smirk off the ill-favoured countenance of the Sauhund.

"Ascot"

A DUEL in the Gold Cup, and the winner dead as a herring a stride after he had passed the post; a quite uninformative mile gallop in the Bottisham Stakes, with a Leger candidate, Fair Glint, getting 12 lb., 5 lengths in front of the German-tainted Pink Flower, and quite unable to make any impression at all upon another four-year-old, the winner High Chancellor, who was giving him 7 lb. These were some of the happenings! But there was in the other scale the probability that we saw the winner of next year's Oaks in Lord Derby's charming chestnut filly Sun Stream, who put a hallmark on her Queen Mary Stakes win (Oaks day, June 16th) by cantering away with

(Concluded on page 84)



Best of Her Year

Anscomb, Newmarket

Hycilla, Mr. William Woodward's chestnut filly by Hyperion—Priscilla by Omar Khayyam, won the Oaks very easily and in better time (2.30 3-5 sec.) than that put up by Ocean, Swell in the Derby, and if she had been pressed would most probably have beaten the record for the Suffolk Stakes course, 2.29 3-5. Mr. Woodward is one of the pillars of the American turf. Hycilla was trained by Captain Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, of Freemason Lodge, Newmarket, and bred by him for Mr. Woodward at the Middleton Park Stud, Westmeath, the Boyd-Rochfort family's old home

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

8 to 1 laid on her in the Balsham Stakes II in July 4th. Neither here, nor in the Queen Mary Stakes, have we any knowledge at all of what was behind her. All that we do know is that she treated them with as much contempt as she did her field in the Bedford Stakes (One Thousand day, May 16th). We know for certain that she is a very beautiful outline of a racehorse ; that she is by Hyperion out of Drift, who is by Swynford, and that this pedigree is as good as a banknote for stamina. I am sure that I take no risk when I say that it is the hope of everyone who knows him that Lord Derby has at least two of the 1945 classics in his pocket. To me, this filly was the bright spot of "Ascot." The only other notable occurrence was to see a modern jockey get a dead horse home. Gordon Richards' feat on Umiddad was worthy of the times when jockeys could use their legs. Fred Lane, on the runner-up, is also due his stripes for doing absolutely the right thing in making the fullest use of that gallant Bright Lady's proven stamina and courage in an effort to cut down a field of such doubtful quality ; for the rest, bar the winner, might just as well have stayed at home. Jury's verdict : not one in the whole boiling of true Cup class. A sad reflection !

Leger Acceptances

THE first acceptances for the last of the 1944 classics (September 16th) present us with few surprises, but with, at any rate, one relief, for Garden Path is missing. If she had been in this list, some people would have backed her in the hope that she had come by a change of heart, but I think I know one person who would not have trusted her any more than he proposes to trust Fair Fame, who has accepted, or than he would have trusted the worst jade of them all, Tudor Maid, had she been on offer. Of the three other ladies left in, I am convinced that Hycilla is as brilliant as she is beautiful, and that both Model (understudy to Lord Rosebery's Ocean Swell) and Monsoon are virtuous and well-intentioned young women. As to the general situation, we are not one bit better informed than we were after the Derby, and I doubt whether there is much chance of our getting much more evidence. Fair Glint has beaten a moderate four-year-old, Pink Flower, over a mile, and adds little to our store of knowledge, for, in addition to Pink Flower's lack of quality, it has to be borne in mind that a mile is not Fair Glint's distance. He may show us a much improved performance



W.R.N.S. Officers Stationed in South Africa

Front row : 2nd/O. Stocker, 1st/O. Pemberton, Chief/O. Rogers, 2nd/O.s Pringle, Hood. Middle row : 3rd/O.s Wright, Carlisle, Cadet Wrens Lindsay, Medhurst-Saul, 3rd/O. Collins. Back row : 3rd/O.s Coryndon, Trechmann, 2nd/O.s Hiller, Edwards, 3rd/O.s Bailey, Laman, "A/B Seaman Sammie"

on his Derby running on going that is not as hard as the high road. In the meanwhile, our friends, the fielders, seem to be afraid of Borealis, and very cautious about opening their shoulders where Rockefella is concerned. On the evidence before the court at the moment, I think Hycilla must be given the vote. Her price is 12 to 1 against the 6 to 1 laid about Borealis. Rockefella's price is 100 to 6, and that might be very generous, but we don't know how much his "whooping cough" has affected him.

Mechanisation

IT is obvious that there is a large body of people who "go racing," as the phrase has it, much in favour of a beam-ray, or photographic, judge in the box, and of a mechanical system of timing races. Both have been in use in other countries for some time—the photographic judge in America and the mechanical timekeeper in Australia and India, the Royal Calcutta Turf Club having adopted

the Australian timing system most certainly over thirty years ago. Both contraptions must necessarily produce greater accuracy than any manual system, particularly where timing is concerned. The Australian stop-watch is quite simple in its operation, for the action of releasing the starting-gate sets in motion a clock at the winning-post, and, as the first horse reaches the line, the judge's assistant presses the necessary button and stops the clock. In view of the fact that the start is not visible upon some of our courses—the July one at Newmarket, for instance—it is obviously impossible for any manual timekeeper to ensure absolute accuracy. The Australian (and Indian) system makes this possible, and I think it would be a good thing if we adopted it here.

In England, we do not perhaps set as much store by "the watch" as they do in America, Australia and India. Our race-courses are so diversified and by no means all dead flat. In some of these other countries, particularly in India, they are.



D. R. Stuart

The Eton Lawn-Tennis Team

Eton's lawn-tennis team is captained this season by A. J. H. Ward, finalist in the Public Schools Rackets Championship, and head of Mayes' House. Sitting : W. H. R. Brooks, A. J. H. Ward, J. A. R. Clench. Standing : T. S. C. Streatfield, P. E. Maude, Hon. R. G. E. Yerburgh



D. R. Stuart

The United Hospitals Lawn-Tennis Team

The United Hospitals have beaten Oxford and Cambridge, and the Norwegian and Canadian Army H.Q. Members of the team are, sitting : R. W. S. Freeman, W. S. Goodman (captain), K. G. Lomax. Standing : K. Y. Kong, J. L. Whitmore, S. G. L. Mellor

On Active Service



Officers of a Combined Training Centre

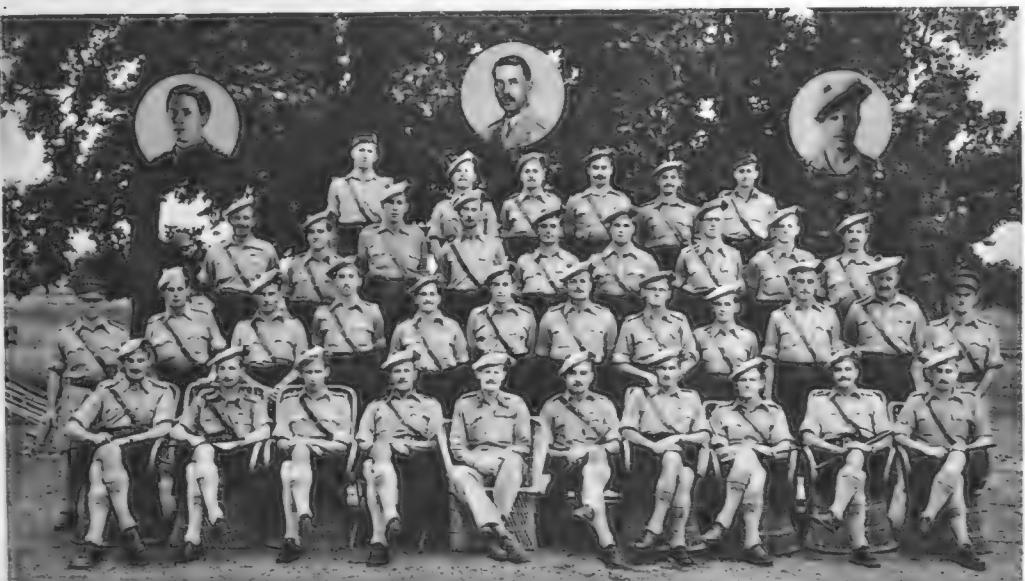
Front row: Major R. D. Sellon, 1st/O. A. Crump, W.R.N.S., Cdr. A. St. Clair Ford, D.S.O., R.N., Eng. Capt. F. J. Syphons, R.N., a Major-General, Rear-Admiral H. E. Ilorin, D.S.O., a Colonel, Cdr. T. Fox, R.N., and Sooty, W/Cdr. W. G. Tailyour, Major H. W. Vaughan Thomas. Second row: Pay. Lt. Cdr. C. P. Lee, R.N., Pay. Lt. Waddington, R.N.V.R., Lt.-Cdr. W. G. M. Christian, R.N.V.R., Pay. Lt.-Cdr. K. A. MacLellan, R.N.V.R., Lt. L. M. Mason, R.N.V.R., Lt.-Cdr. L. G. Lloyd, R.N.V.R., Lt.-Cdr. C. A. Berry, R.N.V.R., Capt. J. Douglas. Third row: Pay. Lt. J. W. Axten, R.N.R., Lt. (E) S. E. Kohler, R.N.V.R., Sub-Lt. L. L. Fellner, R.N.V.R., Major C. C. Mallock, Pay. Lt.-Cdr. H. F. Clarke, R.N.V.R., Capt. H. Edmonds Brown, Lt. A. G. Chase, R.N.V.R. In front: S/O. M. P. Herbst, W.A.A.F., 2nd/O. C. S. Dixon-Smith, W.R.N.S., 3rd/O. E. M. Mafin, W.R.N.S., 3rd/O. D. Wiggs, W.R.N.S.

Right: front row: Capt. J. G. Fraser, Major R. Boyle, M.C., Capt. D. A. Macleod, a Lt.-Colonel, a Brigadier, Majors A. C. C. Brodie, J. Ewan, Capt. A. E. Blair, M.B.E., J. Gray, Lt. B. P. Reames. Second row: Capt. W. L. Cochrane, M.C., R.A.C.H.D., Lt. R. McDonald, M.C., Capt. T. D. Ross, Lts. B. G. M. Austin, I. S. Cowley, Capt. J. G. Nicholson, H. W. Swannell, J. C. Becke, Lts. W. A. Anderson, G. W. B. Donaldson, D. C. Walker, Capt. D. C. Sangwell, R.A.M.C. Third row: Lts. S. C. Anderson, D. R. McGuigan, J. Rich mond, C. S. Allan, J. E. Sieger, D. O. R. Reid, J. C. Reid, D. L. Nicoll, W. T. Stewart. Back row: Lts. G. Jack, R. J. Noble, G. E. Bishop, G. M. Capper, W. Paterson, Alder. Inset: Major Hon. A. J. A. Wavell, Lt.-Col. G. G. Green, Major D. McN. C. Rose, D.S.O.



Officers of a Battalion of The Gloucestershire Regt.

Front row: Majors F. D. Goode, J. K. Lance, R. E. D. Brassington, M.C., a Lt.-Colonel, Brig.-Gen. A. W. Pagan, D.S.O., Majors J. O. Hooper, S. Pether, B. F. Stephens, Capt. E. B. Cottingham, M.C. Second row: Capt. A. H. R. Chalmers, A. L. W. Soames, A. M. Rogers, P. C. Moore, R. C. Nash, R. A. Graham-Smith, J. R. G. Higgs, R. D. French. Third row: Lts. R. H. Bentley, I. B. Wakefield, 2nd Lt. L. C. Jones, Lts. G. D. Hooper, R. R. Burton, R. B. Nordbruck, D. B. E. Paine, W. G. M. Adlam, M.M. Back row: Lts. S. C. S. Farmer, K. S. Hughes, K. A. R. Byrne, J. F. Forse, J. B. Evans, E. J. Thacker, 2nd Lt. E. H. Humphries, Lts. D. G. McConnell, D. Bicknell



Officers of a Battalion of The Black Watch (R.H.)



D. R. Stuart

Officers of a Coastal Force Base

Front row: A/Ty. Lt.-Cdr. R. A. P. Pinckney, R.N.V.R., A/Cdr. J. D. Young-husband, D.S.C., R.N., Capt. Hon. E. Pleydell-Bouverie, M.V.O., R.N., A/Ty. Lt.-Cdr. T. P. K. Kemble, R.N.V.R., Ty. Lt. (Sp) P. D. Power, R.N.V.R. Middle row: Ty. A/Lt. M. Gray, R.N.V.R., Ty. Lt. J. M. Hope, R.N.V.R., Lt. H. R. Hey, D.S.C., R.N., Ty. Lt. S. C. Long, R.N.V.R., Ty. A/Lt. E. T. Smith, R.N.V.R. Back row: Ty. Sub-Lt. (Sp) D. M. MacLachlan, R.N.V.R., Mr. H. Luckham, D.S.C., R.N., Ty. Lt. R. M. Barge, D.S.C., R.N.V.R., Lt. J. D. Ritchie, D.S.C., R.N., Lt. J. M. Matheson, R.N.V.R., Ty. Lt. G. S. V. Petter, R.N.V.R.



W.R.N.S. Officers
at a Fleet Air Arm Station

Front row: 3rd/O. M. Jones, 2nd/O. Juniper, Lawson, 1st/O. Gregson, Ch/O. Uprichard, Sister Hill, Q.A.N.N.S., 2nd/O. Sims, 3rd/O. Sedgwick, Percival. Second row: 3rd/O. Jagoe, Roe, Ward, Swaby, Shadwell, Gregson, Todd, Spooner, Webber. Back row: 3rd/O. Easton-Smith, Hebeler, Marsh, Fanner, Munn, E. Jones, Lewin, Thompson, Mason

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Romanticism v. Classicism

ROMANTICISM will exist in human nature as long as human nature itself exists. The point is (in imaginative literature) to adopt that form of romanticism which is the mood of the age." These words, which are not the author's, but have been drawn from the *Journal of Thomas Hardy*, seem to me the wisest in *Romanticism and the Modern Ego*: they by-pass a number of arguments that the book contains. But as, in themselves, the arguments are ingenious, entertaining, and supported by a stupendous amount of reading, it would perhaps be a pity to cut them out. *Romanticism and the Modern Ego*, by Jacques Barzun—who is Associate Professor of History at Columbia University—bears the American imprimatur of Little, Brown and Co., but is published in Great Britain by Secker and Warburg, Ltd., at 18s. Good-humoured as it is controversial, this is, in my opinion, a book to read. One may find oneself disagreeing with Mr. Barzun; but he makes no statement that is without point or boring, and he has a way of stimulating one's own ideas.

Here we have, roughly, a defence of romanticism, an attempt to clear it from several charges, not least of which, and most pressing in our day, is that of being the mother of Fascism. One begins to see that it could be said that romanticism, of a distorted kind, was the original root of the Fascist and Nazi day-dream. Romanticism, while at her height (Mr. Barzun puts the period between 1780 and 1850), certainly "got herself talked about" with Germany. The Teutonic, though also the Celtic, countries have been major contributors to romantic art.

The opposition between "classic" and "romantic" is old, and the controversies bred of it have been bitter. Not merely movements or modes in art, but a conception of life, and what life should be, are involved. We are taught in the schoolroom that classic and romantic periods alternate: in England the sixteenth century was romantic, the seventeenth and eighteenth classic, the nineteenth, again, romantic. And the twentieth? Mr. Barzun interestingly exhibits our own century as a battlefield on which, so far, the issues are not yet to be seen; though he detects, at least among intellectuals, another trend towards classicism. It is agreed that the start of each new period represents a revolt against the preceding one. Human nature, like an amateur on a tight rope, has, so far, preserved its balance by swaying.

Opposition

ROUGHLY, classicism stands for Reason, romanticism for Emotion. (The English wish to have everything in its proper place makes them like the romantic in art, but suspect romantic behaviour.) Paradoxically—given the book's intention—I find Mr. Barzun quite at his best in his third chapter, called

"The Classic Objection," which is an analysis of the classic ideal with regard to society just as much as to art. This ideal, that of serenity reached through order and by the exclusion of vulgar, untoward passions, was necessarily an aristocratic one. It exalted social authority at the expense of individual will, but will makes a dangerous outlaw, and at the mannered Court of *le Roi Soleil*, as in the fine English drawing-rooms of the Age of Reason, a good deal of trouble went on below the surface. Mr. Barzun says:

These conflicts of authority and individual wills are not peculiar to classicism; only their form, and the pretence that there is no conflict there. All of which naturally brings up the classical antithesis between Reason and Emotion. With its bent towards social unanimity, how does classicism cope with man's emotions? Classicism does not, of course, deny their existence. It merely says that for the sake of decency certain feelings only can be exhibited—pleasure, amusement, ridicule, surprise, a few others—and these in their mildest form. For the same reason, gestures, fervour, eccentricity, must be suppressed, so that the social stage—the salon or the court—shall be peopled by human beings who will resemble perfectly smooth, round and well-lubricated ball-bearings. With this ideal, incidentally, go some admirable rules of conversation which it would be well for modern man to meditate. But the trouble with the social



"Try and squeeze in another forty thousand words. After all, the public expects an author to be salvage conscious!"

device of repression throughout is, again, that there is no outlet, no elsewhere, for the force generated by pressure to expend itself, either harmlessly or productively.

This force, it may be said, has no right to intrude itself on society's attention. It is for the individual to dispose of it, since it is, by definition, irrational. More than that, it is the Irrational. Granted. But it is precisely called the Irrational because it cannot be argued out of existence. . . . We must look for the socially accepted channels that may help to drain off these energies. Whether admitted or concealed, these channels exist.

Outlet

THE most, then, that classic society wished was that inconvenient emotion should discharge itself harmlessly. The romantics, on the other hand, not only exalted emotion and individual will, but expected that their discharge should be productive. They were for the individual, as against society. Revolt against something seems to be inherent in the romantic position; and the major romantics have always come at a time (such as the twilight of a preceding classical period) when there was still something definite to revolt against, plus enough still unvoiced discontent with the old order to give the revolt effect.

Englishwomen have, of course, fallen blithely for this overstating, even of

the obvious. But then, women love overstatements, anyway. (That is why they adore "scenes.") And what chance has an Englishman's modesty, "I like you," against an American's, "Say, Miss, you're the cutest baby I've seen to-day"; or an Englishman's, "You remind me of my mother," against an American's, "I could fall for you like a hobo for a hamburger." While a handful of British Tommies singing, "There'll be blue birds over the white cliffs of Dover" sounds like the echo of a minor chord when an equal number of Yanks marching up the street arm-in-arm are protesting that "the Yanks and tanks will win this war. So what the hell are we fighting for? Inky-pinky-parlay-voo." I sometimes suspect that a recent arrival from the U.S.A. must find us, in general, a dumb lot.

And yet, it is only the question of a different approach. As you find out for yourself when you manage to get an American soldier alone. And, really, what does a different approach matter when the start and destination are identical? The "statement" is the same anyway; even though Englishmen are apt to undermine it and the Americans—or so it seems to me—tend to render it outsize. As an American girl put it to me the other day when describing a party at which both English and Americans were present: "We made far more noise, but you people seemed to enjoy yourselves just as much!"

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

I WONDER if your experience of the average American soldier is

similar to mine? Singly—a delightful and interesting companion: collectively—mentally and physically overwhelming. Where three or more are gathered together native life seems to come to a full-stop. An Englishman simply can't compete. He hasn't the lungs! His bawling against the average group of American soldiers, even those suffering from sore throats, is as tinkling brass trying to answer back a resounding cymbal. He is not so much swept off his mental feet—as stunned!

I suppose the truth of the matter is that English people have for so long become accustomed to understatements that a long succession of overstatements wind him like a deflating balloon. For American soldiers, when gathered together, seem to live a life of overstatement. Laughter which shakes the rafters; wise-cracking which often struggles wildly as a drowning man to crack at any cost; love-making which jeers at nuances; singing which raises the roof; drinking which must clear the cellar or the night becomes practically teetotal; eating which endeavours to leave the larder bare; even the radio is keyed up to explode with enthusiasm—though the only result be merely another crooner. And yet, when if, by chance, you get an American soldier by himself—how companionable he is, how intelligent and how nice. Only collectively is the atmosphere charged by the exuberance of "We'll tell the world—and How!"

By Richard King

According, says Mr. Barzun, to one type of so-called educated opinion, "romanticism is insanity, escape, introversion, sentimentality and laziness." His own quarrel with the twentieth century (as expressed in his chapter "The Modern Ego") is, that it seeks to use classicism as a form of escape. Escape from what? From the overpowering freedom to "be oneself," bequeathed to the twentieth century by the romantic nineteenth. Mr. Barzun finds the teetering Modern Ego homesick for former (classic) rules and restraints. Disliking itself and resenting its predecessors, it likes debunking biography, sneering lyrics, and fiction whose characters are all twerps. If the romantics were, mentally, adolescents, the modern ego is pre-adolescent. Says Mr. Barzun, "it is nine years old. The modern ego has lost its faith—adolescent or not—and with it the willingness to take risks. Instead, it looks for certainties. (Concluded on page 88)



Lady Goulding, wife of W/Cdr. Sir Basil Goulding, Bt., R.A.F.V.R., is in the A.T.S., and received a commission last March. She is the only daughter of Sir Walter Turner Monckton, K.C.V.O., K.C., M.C., and a granddaughter of Sir Thomas Colyer-Fergusson, Bt.

Mrs. D. N. Stewart, who is in the A.T.S., is the daughter of the late Dr. J. O. Hollick and Mrs. Hollick. Her husband, Major Douglas Norman Stewart, M.C., The Royal Scots Greys, is the only son of Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. Ian Stewart, of Eytton Hall, Leominster, Herefordshire

Doing War Work



Mrs. A. Hughes-Onslow, daughter of Lady Rossmore, has been a member of the W.A.A.F. for four years, and now holds the rank of Section Officer. Her husband, Capt. Andrew Hughes-Onslow, is in The Black Watch

Mrs. Malcolm McAlpine, daughter of Major and Mrs. F. Raeburn Price, works at the War Office. She was married in February to Capt. M. H. D. McAlpine, R.E., second son of Sir Malcolm and Lady McAlpine, of Fairmile Court, Cobham

Photographs by
Harlip

Miss Avril Curzon, daughter of the late Hon. Francis Curzon and the Hon. Mrs. Curzon, works at the Pathological Laboratory of the Royal Northern Infirmary, Inverness. Her brother, Francis, is heir-presumptive to Viscount Scarsdale

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 74)

Absent Guest

EVERYONE was relieved as well as disappointed that the Princess Royal was persuaded to avoid the hazards of "Southern England," and did not attend this month's reception given by the Allies' Welcome Committee, at which she was to have been guest of honour. In his short speech, Major Sir Jocelyn Lucas expressed the sympathy everyone felt over the capture of her son by the enemy.

Ambassadors at the party included those of Belgium, China, Greece, Poland, the Netherlands, Yugoslavia and Mexico; and the Ministers of Nepal, Ethiopia and Iceland were present. Then there were the High Commissioners for Australia, South Africa, New Zealand, India and Southern Rhodesia; attachés and representatives of all the Allied and Dominion Forces, and many members of both Houses of Parliament.

An American commented on the pleasant, "natural" atmosphere. "You'd expect a reception with all these important people to be stiff and self-conscious," he said, "but it's just a friendly, informal party." Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Amery were there; the Earl and Countess of Clarendon; Col. Llewellyn (Minister of Food); Mr. W. S. Morrison (Minister of Town and Country Planning); S/Ldr. Learoyd, V.C.; Air Chief-Marshal Sir Arthur Longmore and Sir William Mitchell; Col. Lord Denham, who is second in command of London's Home Guard; Sir David Maxwell Fyfe (Solicitor-General); Admiral Kharlamov (U.S.S.R.); and Major-Gen. Skliarov. Lady Moore-Guggisberg helped Sir Jocelyn Lucas to receive the guests.

In the Navy

ONE of the most exciting war jobs for women must be that of the seagoing Wrens. One of these, Lady Elizabeth Scott, elder daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch and a niece of H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester, has been lucky enough to cross the Atlantic no fewer than eight times in recent months. She is on shore duty now, but for some months was at sea. Her only brother, the fiery-haired young Earl of Dalkeith, is also in the Navy. He started on the lower deck as an ordinary seaman, and looked very elegant in his bell-bottoms. Now, however, these have been exchanged for the uniform of a Sub-Lieutenant, a rank to which he has just been promoted. He is at sea somewhere, so that his parents are enduring the many anxieties of so many fathers and mothers just now.



Engaged to be Married

Miss Daphne Thornburrow Smith, a Commandant of the British Red Cross Society, is engaged to 1st Radio/O. John Millar Neill, second son of Mr. and Mrs. John Robertson Neill, of Weedon, Bucks.



Mr. and Mrs. Mavrogordato and Their Son

Lt. Nicolas Mavrogordato, son of Professor John Mavrogordato, is serving in The Grenadier Guards. He is seen here with his wife and their young son, Peter John.

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 86)

guarantees of permanence and safety." This straight-from-the-shoulder stuff makes stirring reading. But has the war not put it a little bit out of date? This war has, at least, put a stop to the "post-war" neurosis left over from the last. Superb irrational acts of courage are performed by men and women, superb irrational decisions (such as Britain's to continue the fight alone, in the summer of 1940) are taken by countries. The romantic ideal was, action—and we now act. . . .

While Mr. Barzun's historic review of Romanticism is excellent, I feel that his "modern ego" needs some revising. Let us keep, after war and on through the rest of this century, the great romantic contempt for safety as an end in itself. But let us also embrace the best of the classic idea—good manners, a feeling for shape and style in all things, and self-restraint in the name of a pleasant and worthy human society.

Mr. Barzun's studies of individual great romantics of many nations—poets, novelists, philosophers, painters and musicians—are excellent. His appendices will also repay study, especially that in which he shows, by quotation, the wildly and amusingly different contexts in which the word "romantic" has been used.

"The Time is Different in the Glass"

CLARE LOVEDAY, studying her reflection in the mirror over the fire-place, sees the reflected clock say a quarter to eleven. Turning round from the mirror, she sees the real clock, in the room behind her, say a quarter past ten. "The time," she complains, "is different in the glass."

This remark, which occurs on the second page of the novel *Mrs. Loveday*, by Robert Goodyear (Gollancz; 8s. 6d.), seems, somehow, symbolic of the woman. Seeing life only in the mirror of her own feeling, she goes by a private time of that mirror's own: other people's comings and goings mean nothing to her—nothing outside her sensuousness exists. She is, to use the briefest convenient phrase, an immoral woman—over-exotic flower upon the rigid boughs of her ultra-respectable English lower middle-class family tree.

Mrs. Loveday is an English—if not yet the English—*Madame Bovary*, and Mr. Goodyear has learnt much from Flaubert's method—the only possible method, I imagine, to apply to a subject of this sort. He never treats his heroine as "a case"—she is, indeed, a strongly individualised, living and breathing creature, whose hopes and fears become real to us, even while we feel bound to deprecate them. He invites, for his *Mrs. Loveday*, if any emotion, a sort of stern pity—for, indeed, she is doomed and solitary. What could be more hopeless than to live for love without having any knowledge of other beings? The one man who stirs something finer in Clare Loveday (incidentally, he is her daughter's fiancé) deserts her. Her end, if more protracted and less violent, is not less desolating than *Emma Bovary's*.

Problem Child

CLARE's first "fall," at eighteen, was forgiven her by her family and the village—possibly for slightly snobbish reasons, for the father of her child had been the squire's son, shortly afterwards killed in the last war. When the novel opens Clare is thirty-eight, married to a decent, successful commercial traveller, who loves her enough to overlook her past. Clare's spinster sister, Kate, shares and organises the Lovedays' home—the solid villa, Laurel Dene. That Will Loveday's absences make possible his wife's frequent "adventures" Kate is not unaware.

By now, the child of Clare's girlhood is grown up: an independent bachelor girl in London. The daughter's, the sister's, the husband's attitudes to Mrs. Loveday are finely drawn. And throwing into relief Clare's inappropriate figure, we have the prosaic, cheerful background of English village life. Mr. Goodyear's sense of beauty appears in his painting of seasons, of country scenes.

Flaubert said of his heroine: "My Bovary weeps in a thousand villages of France." England—we cannot ignore this—has her Clare Lovedays: now and then a trial, a crime passionel, brings one of them into brief, opprobrious view. The war is flinging them to the surface: denunciations thunder about their heads. Temperament is, apparently, a fatality.

These disjointed romantics, these grown-up feminine problem children of our society—what is to be done with them? We may do something by at least attempting to understand. . . . *Mrs. Loveday* has claims to be a serious book..

Something Nasty in the Vestry

ANTHONY GILBERT'S *He Came by Night* (Crime Club; 8s. 6d.) sets its scene in an ill-omened East Anglian village, whose atmosphere is effectively done. The unused church, once the scene of a Black Mass, is the focus of the disagreeableness.

Our old friend Arthur Crook unravels a mystery, which embraces an unusually haughty peer, and extends to the blitzed mansions of London.

R.A.F.

"ALL BUTTONED UP," a scrapbook of R.A.F. cartoons by David Langdon (creator of "Billy Brown of London Town"), has a Foreword by Hector Bolitho. Published by the Sylvan Press 2s. 6d., it should be enjoyed to the full—and then passed on to a friend.

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BUBBLE & SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

A NEW version of the chain letter is reported to have started in Reno, and reads, in part: "Send a copy of this letter to five male friends, then bundle up your wife and send her to the fellow whose name appears on the top of the list. When your name works to the top you will, in return, receive 15,176 gorgeous girls. Do not break the chain. One man did. He got his wife back."

TOWARDS the end of a basketball game between officers and men at a U.S. Army camp, the play became rougher than usual. Finally the referee—an enlisted man—blew his whistle, faced one of the players and barked:

"Just try one more trick like that, and I'm going to throw you right out of the game—Sir!"

A NEWSPAPER reporter was trying to get the reactions of a working man to the flying-bomb.

"Well, it's like this, you see," replied the man, "first of all the bombs have got to be made in Germany and then be got to France and then they have got to be fired off and there's the R.A.F. waiting for them, and if they pass the R.A.F. there's the guns waiting for them, and if the guns miss them, there's the balloon barrage. If they get past that they've got to get to Ackney, and when they've got there they've got to find Smith Street, and then they've got to find number six—and then I might be round the corner having a drink!"

A MAN was in the habit of opening his Bible at random and taking the first thing upon which his eyes alighted as something that would be helpful to him.

One day the verse he read was: "Judas went out and hanged himself," and not thinking this quite suitable, he shut the Book and opened it again at another place.

The verse his eyes fell upon was, "Go thou and do likewise." He tried again, and this time, he read, "What thou doest, do quickly."

THE cautious player had been in for nearly half an hour without scoring a run, and the fielders were beginning to get annoyed. His gentle play at last grew so pronounced that they closed within a few feet of him, waiting eagerly for the catch.

The light began to fail. It was essential that his wicket should fall before the time came to draw stumps. Closer and closer came the fielders, until there was barely room for the batsman to raise his bat.

Suddenly a thin, piping voice was heard from amongst the spectators.

"Look out, Bill," it said. "Mind you don't get your pocket picked."

THE business man came home one evening looking very weary indeed.

"You look very done up, dear," remarked his wife, sympathetically. "Have you had a very busy day at the office?"

"Well, not exactly," he answered, "but you see, the office boy came in with the old story of going to his grandmother's funeral, so I decided to teach him a lesson and accompany him."

"And of course, you found it was a football match?"

"No such luck—it was his grandmother's funeral."



Rise Stevens, the leading mezzo-soprano of the world-famous Metropolitan Opera Company, New York, has her second film role in "Going My Way," in which she co-stars with Bing Crosby. Her first picture was "The Chocolate Soldier." "Going My Way" opens at the Plaza Theatre on the 27th of this month. Proceeds of the premiere are to be given to the Stage Doors Canteen funds

flight. But he looked in vain, for the ball had been disturbed from its calm repose at his first attempt, and again he failed.

After his third attempt, the golfer turned to the poker-faced caddie and remarked: "Dash course this, isn't it?"

A LITTLE boy surprised his parents by refusing to be scared into being good. "It's no use telling me the angels will write down in their books if I'm naughty," he said. "I might as well tell you they think up in Heaven that I'm dead."

"But why should they think that?" asked his mother.

"Because I haven't said my prayers for a fortnight."

ON the evening of the day a new book of his was published, Victor Hugo could not resist the temptation to inquire how sales were going. So he drew a question mark on a postcard and sent it to his publisher.

The publisher was equal to the occasion; he replied "!"

GARBED in leather skin, plus-fours, tweed shoes and golf glove, the stranger strolled into the clubhouse and engaged a caddie to carry his bag of many clubs.

Selecting his driver and first tee, he added ball confidently, took mighty swing and sent ball high into the air. The caddie, ahead to discover

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Chocolates—if they
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Peter Robinson



(Left)

RODEX Suit of fine quality herringbone suiting, in fawn, tan and brown. The skirt has panel back and front. Hip sizes 35 in. to 42 in. 18 coupons.

Price **10½ gns.**



(Right)

RODEX Suit, well tailored in finest quality West of England suiting, in two shades of fawn—high fastening jacket with flap pockets—the skirt has double inverted pleats in front only. Hip sizes 35 in. to 42 in. 18 coupons.

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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Coachmen

IT was not until I attended the delightful luncheon given by Sir Frederick Handley Page in his capacity of Master of the Coachmakers and Coach Harness-makers Company in the City that I realized that I was a coachman. All aircraft pilots, it seems, are coachmen. The point is perfectly sound and it is good to know that the historic City Companies are adopting and adapting so as to keep their activities in pace with the times. They should be able to do a vast amount of good especially in the field of education. On this Sir Frederick threw out the idea that the company of which he is Master might be able to lend aid in some kind of aeronautical apprenticeship scheme for young men in the Colonies and Dominions. It is a plan in which Mr. F. G. Miles has long been interested and it might yield excellent results in the building up of our reserves of aircraft technicians.

Sir Stafford Cripps, who was the chief guest, worried me a lot with his forecasts of the industrial world of the future. He painted the aircraft industry, if I understood him correctly, as an industry in which craftsmanship would almost entirely disappear and the personnel be divided broadly into research and technical workers, and machine-minders. He said that the great body of the workers would be doing tasks of the lowest order; tasks requiring little training and almost no intelligence. He added that they would be better educated than in the past. The conditions he suggested would entail, without question, a lowering in the life-standards (I am not talking about standards of living) of the great mass of people, with the only jobs in which interest resides confined to a very few.

I disapprove with all my being in a dumb acceptance of the idea that the world of the future must be a world of machine-minders, working very short hours, and spending the rest of their time on leisure pursuits, which means presumably going to the cinema, listening to the radio and attending football matches. If the virtue is to be taken out of all jobs except the select few, then this will not be the kind of world in which I would like to live or like to see my children living.

Means must be found to provide a man with pride and pleasure in his work. It is difficult to believe that Sir Stafford sees the ghastly implications of his oft-repeated forecasts. He is such an idealist and so sincere in his thought and statement that there must be something missing. I wonder if he has ever experienced the full satisfaction manipulative crafts can bring. If so is he ready to throw all that aside?

Pilot's Pleasure

IT is much the same with flying an aircraft. It does give a certain pleasure merely to handle the controls. And if the flying technique is highly developed for example in advanced aerobatics, the pleasure can be considerable. If in the future we robotize our civil aircraft as the Germans have robotized their war machines, something will have been taken away from the art of aviation which will be a serious loss. And that applies even if the robot machine is safer, faster and more trustworthy than the one controlled by hand. Presumably, however, there will be a sufficient demand for the hand-controlled aircraft to justify some manufacturers always giving it attention. It is true that increased automaticity is one of the marks of motor-car development; but in the actual control there has been no reduction in the "hand labour." There are the same wheel, levers and pedals as in the early days. Thank heaven there is no motor-car automatic pilot and the buses still need their human drivers. But it is a real possibility that some air lines in the future may be run by pilotless aircraft, controlled from ground stations by radio and stabilized and partly held on course by automatic pilots using gyroscopes.



Flight Lieutenant William Reid, R.A.F.V.R., was decorated with the country's highest honour for gallantry—the Victoria Cross—at a recent Investiture held by the King. F/Lt. Reid is twenty-three. He was born at Baillieston, Glasgow, and educated at Coatbridge School. He won his award for conspicuous bravery on the night of November 3rd, 1943, when as pilot and captain of a Lancaster aircraft he was detailed to attack Dusseldorf

Hall by chance. Assembled there were not only the Master and his chief guests, but also Air Chief Marshal Sir Frederick Bowhill, Air Chief Marshal Sir Shelford Douglas, various members of the Air Staff, Group Captain Fielden, Lord Londonderry, Lord Cawdill, Mr. Bruce, Sir William Rootes and our old friend General Doolittle. To some who felt responsible it must have been a relief when this distinguished company had again been safely dispersed. Perhaps if air war becomes more intense we shall have to treat elevated offices much as aircraft are treated and never allow them to cluster too closely together!

Superfortress

IT was curious to see an American aviation paper gently chiding a certain British aviation paper for having given figures for the Boeing B-29 or Superfortress when these figures were still supposed to be a military secret. In the past the chiding has been mainly in the reverse direction. There was, in fact, considerable excitement about three years ago over an American article which gave a good deal of information about some British machines of which the papers over here were not allowed to admit the existence. The B-29 appears to be not only a stepped-up version of the B-17. It has a higher aspect ratio and it is said to have a tricycle undercarriage. It has already proved in the Tokyo raid what a fine long-range bomber it is and we shall hear more about it as the war in the Pacific continues.

The Risks of Robotage

AT the City luncheon I have referred to above, one guest remarked to me that it would be a bad thing for British aviation if one of Herr Hitler's in

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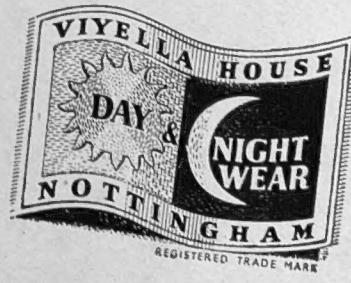


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